RUBE BURROW, JUTLAW.

The Career of a Despeate and Reckless Train Rober.

EVERON THE ALERT FOR DETECTIVES

With One Companion He Defeated Large Posses of Men.

THE BRUTAL MURDER OF A POSTMASTER.

Min Own Description of Some of His Adventures-His Death.

He sood in the doorway of a typical Mississippi swamp cabin, with a Winchester rifle in his hads, two large revolvers and a bowis knife h his beit, and over his shoulders another lelt filled with cartridges. He was a tall. muscuar fellow, as straight as an Indian. Even Is face was muscular. A pair of deepset pircing grayish-blue eyes that flashed like thee of an animal, along, almost straight, and priectly chiselled nose, a square and heavy ein, a prominent lower jaw protruding way bac under his ears, and a heavy drooping moustage, all indicated that he was a man of great determination and will power, combined rith the tekless, daring nature of a ferocious beast. Tis man was Rube Burrow, train robber, mrderer, and outlaw, as seen by the writer for the first time a year ago. The story othe capture and killing of him in THE SUN of hursday ended the history of his eareer as themost reckless and daring train robber in the suntry. For two years past the mere mentions his name has carried terror to the hearts o'thousands of people in north and west Alaba, and caused express mes-



RUBE BURBOW'S TAME. His record for dars-devil reckessness, courage, and skill in his work of holong up trains has not been equalised.

Rube Burrow was ust 32 years of age a few days before his deatl. In the past here years he held up and robbel ten trains, tilled four men outright, wounded probably a store more, and whipped 100 armd men in an olen fight He was an expert low-rangerifie shot, and rarely missed a man a 300 yards or less. He the latest improed Winchester rifle, forty-four calibre, which will carry with accuracy 500 yards or mor. In a fight, even at long range, he never thod in firing, but inariably dropped on his wht knee and rested his left elbow on the let knee. In this posi-tion he never missed. Aother peculiarity of Rube was that in late year he operated with only one confederate, and Lall his recent train robberies he had only one saistant-Joe Jackson, a daring, reckiess fellor, who was cap-tured a few weeks ago. Wile Jackson was as brave and reckless as Burry, he lacked the brains and shrewdness of te latter. Bube stock six feet one inch i his stocking and weighed about 175 pounds. His shoulders were broad an square, and hisarms long and muscular. In was as active as a cat, and was noted as a runner from is joyhood days, it being said that he was never beaten in a foot race or brown in a wresting match.

Rub started his career of outlawry when only liyears of ago. He was born in Lamar county Alabama, where his father, Alen Burrow, new lives. The old man farmed and made moonsline whiskey. Rube was taugh to read and wrie, and he proved an apt schlar, developint, when 15 years of age, a fondless for the dim novel. He secured by some mans a copy of a book relating some of the expoits of Jesse Janes. After reading about his train robberie and feats of daring he decided to become a read agent. His first exploit washear his home Armed with a single-barrel thotgun his father had given him, he iail in wit for a neighbor who was expeted to return from town with his coton ney. The boy had an old piece of bag over hi head with eycholes cut in it. When the famer drove up, Rube jumped out in the road an eried: "Up with your hands, or I'll bote yo !" The farmer gave Rube his money and wat on. He had, however, recognized the boy and the next day he went to see old man Burow and gave him an account of the way Rub had held him up. The old man thrashed Bubs soundly and made him return all the mone. That was in 1872. Up to that time. his faher says, Rube was a good boy. "Rube was agood worker," he once told the writer. "He poughed and split rails, and gave me as little rouble as any boy I ever raised. He

aever (sobeyed a command in his life."

Soon after his debut as a boy highwayman Rubs was sent out to the northern part of Texas, where an uncle had a large ranch. Then he worked steadily for a time, and in 1875 narried a daughter of H. B. Alverson, a well-thown Texan. Boon after his marriage bught a farm with money he had made and he uncle had given him. Two children, a boy ad a girl, were born to the couple. Until abut six years ago, when his wife died. all he gone well with Rube. Then he returnecto Alabama with his children, and after tmaining a few months went back to Texas, saving his children with their grandfather. He married a second time. It was an unhapy marriage, however, and soon

there was separation. Then hae's old boyhood ambition returned. Nip Thornta and Harrison Bromley's gang of train robbrs were operating in northern Texas and skansas. Rube and his brother Jim. who ha returned to Texas with him. joined them athe fall of 1886. Their first trip with the gangers into the Indian Territory. where they were to rob an old Indian woman. where they weg to rob an old Indian woman. The trip was, pweezer, a fallure. Oh the return links did his first work as a train redeer Here a his own ascount of it, and a seriest to the result of the ran finnels; to an our return through the ran finnels; he said, we came upon a load return through the ran finnels; he made the said, we came upon a load return through water. There were two passenger cars. Jim water they are took of and hip and Bromley the other in an ear sin kept the row document which it took up the appearance in they were of said which it took up the appearance in they were of said that I had no trouble in unarming them. We about 122s. Two weeks later the same gang held up shother than in the sale read at lieu brooks. Substantial the sare search and search about high. These two robberies were a search performed that Burlow became entitled attentions as week later they held in the same entitled attentions.

be increase a sharif reflormed that furrow became entitles into all a week later they became entitles into all a week later they be also hard they are the same parties of the same parties and the same parties are the same and the same and the same and the same and the same are the same and they were later, below a very the same and the same and decided to haid up another trained the Terms Pacific. This time the low robburs, armed only with pistols.

bearded the train at Gordon. When a few miles out Bromley covered the engineer while the others went through the express and mail cars. The outlaws met with no resistance, and were not even chased. They remained in the neighbyrhood for three days thereafter. On the night of the third day the gains held up the same train again. This time it was going northward. The same crew was absard, and when the engineer was covered by Bromley's revolver he turned sullemly and asked: "Well, where do you want me to stop this time?"

Just the other side of that trostle," said Bromley, and be sure you do it.

The engineer stopped as ordered, and the gaing made quick work of going through the express and mail cars. They secured about \$5,000. As they were getting off some one in the train opened lire on them and winged Nip Thornton, the ball going through his arm. Thornton and Bromley were captured a few days later, but Rube and Jim Burrow left the State for their home in Alabama. The detectives did not suspect them.

The bext time Rube appeared was in December, 1887. The St. Louis, Arkaneas and Texas train was held up at Genca, Ark., a few milrs north of Texarkana. The work was done principally by Rube Burrow, assisted by his brother Jim and a fellow named Brock. They did not get much in this haul, but their robberles had become so frequent that the Southern Express Company put a corps of their own detectives and P rakerton men on the trail of the gang. The onase became so hot that Rube and his brother returned to Alabama. Brock was captured, and he "penched" on the Burrow boys, telling of the robberles in which they had been implicated, and that they had gone to Lamar county, Alabama. Four Pinkerton men went after them, and in Lamar county, with Sheriff Jaquer Pennington, organized a posse. They first went to Jim Burrow's house. He saw them coming, and ran for the woods. A number of shots followed him, but he canced and made for his father's house, where Rube was hiding. Hardly had he reached there when the posse arrived. The c

graphed ahead to the Chief of Police of Montgomery that two suspicious characters, supposed to be Rube and Jim Burrow, were on his train. They arrived in Montgomery iste at night. It was raining hard. As they alighted in the depot a dozen policemen in rubber coats that hid their uniforms, walked up, and the leader asked where they were going.

Rube knew at once who the men were. He was well armed, but Jim did not have even a knife. Rube, therefore, decided to await a better opportunity for secare. better opportunity for escape.
"I want to find a cheap boarding house," he

better opportunity for escape.

"I want to find a cheap boarding house," he said.

"All right, I will show you to one," said one of the policemen.

Burrounded by the policemen the two outlaws started for the police sistion. They walked along quietly for a few blocks, when Rube signalied to Jim, and the outlaws made a break for liberty. The policemen opened fire. Rube returned it as he ran. Pefore they had run fifty yards, however, Jim fell wounded, but Rube, who could run like a deer, escaped, Neil Broy, a printer, who attempted to atop him, received a builet hole in his chest. Jim Burrow was sent to Arkansas, He died in the penitentiary before his trial.

The chase after Rube was not renewed that night. He did not leave Montgomery, but went to the outskirts of the town and spent the night in a negro's cabin. The negro, who suspected Rube's identity, sent a messenger into the city to notify the Chief of Police. At day-light the next morning a large posse of policemen and men about town, armed with all kinds of weapons, were on hand to either capture or kill Burrow. The house was almost surrounded. The negro who owned the cabin went in to Rubs and said: "Boss, deer's some white men out here dat wants to see you."

"Well, they can't do it," said litube.

He went to the door and peered out, but jumped back in time to escape a volley of bullets and shot. Rube returned the fire with a revolver through a crack in the logs, and the posse hastily sought cover. Then Rube removed his shoes, hung them over his arm, and with a pistol in each hand made a break through the rear door for a swamp about two hundred yards off. He shot at the posse while running. The fire was returned, and just as the outlaw entered the swamp he received a lot of bird shot in the back of his neck. The police did not dare follow, and the chase was given up. Rube went to a country doctor and had the shot picked out of his neck.

HII.

Bube Burrow was heard of next on the night

of Dec. 15, 1888, when the Illinois Central ex-

press was held up at Duck Hill, Miss., about a hundred and seventy-five miles south of Mem-phis, and \$18,000 was taken from the express car. After Rube's escape from Montgomery he met Joe Jackson, who had once operated with Thornton's gang in Texas, and they went into business together. Their first robbery together was at Duck Hill. The station is a small one. in a sparsely settled part of Mississippi. The train was due there at midnight. As it stopped Rube and Jackson jumped on the front platform of the express car, which was next the engine. As soon as the train was well started Rube crawled on the tender, covered the engineer and fireman, and ordered the engineer

to come to a stop at a big pine near the to come to a stop at a big pine near the track, two miles from Duck Hill, and which was a well-known landmark. The train came to a stop exactly opposite the pine. In an instant Rube jumped back on the platform, and the two robbers bolted into the express car to find the sleepy messenger rubbing his eyes and wondering at the cause of the stop. Finding himself covered by two rifles, however, he was wide awake in an instant and trembling with fear.

"Open that iron box and be quick about it," Rube demanded, as he pressed the muzzle of his rifle against the messenger's head.

The messenger hastened to obey. Then he drow back, and, with both hands raised above

The messenger hastened to obey. Then he draw back, and, with both hands raised above his head, stood by and watched the robbers as they ran through the valuable packages selecting only those that contained paper



money. At first the conductor and the passengers thought there had been an accident, then as if prompted by instinct, the conductor cried out in the smoker: "Train robbers." Two

money. At first the conductor and the passengers thought there had been an accident. Then, as if prompted by instinct, the conductor cried out in the smoker: "Train robbors." Two young men on a rear seat jumped up. One had a Winchester ride, the other a revolver. They were Chester Hughes and John Wilkinson, two as brave and galiant young fellows as ever lived. Through the car they rushed and out on the platform, pushing open the door of the express car just as Rube Burrows had placed the last envelope in his coat.

Hughes and Wilkinson opened fire as they rushed into the car, but Rube was too quick for them, and Chester Hughes fell back with a bullst through his beart. Wilkinson dropped his revolver when Hugher's body fell against him, and the roblers jumped from the side door of the car and escaped.

This robbery aroused the express company and the Governors of some of the Southern States, and a large reward, aggregating \$7.500, and including \$1,000 offered by the United States Government, was offered for the capture of Rube Burrow, dead or alive.

Rube and Jackson returned to Lamarcounty, Ala., and remained for several months. The few people in the neighborhood knew they were there, but none dared to breathe it. Indeed the Burrow family is related to nearly everybody in the county, and most of the men in that section were Rube so the reward is yet missing. However, a little Irish detectives disguised as jeddlers occasionally went through the county in April 1889, and even succeeded in spending one night at old man Allen Burrow is missing. However, a little Irish detectives disguised as peddlers occasionally went through the county in April 1889, and even succeeded in spending one night at old man Allen Burrow is missing. However, a little Irish detective named furns who is the subset of all who ever tracked the outlaw did go through the county in April 1889, and even succeeded in spending one night at old man Allen Burrow dashing and peddlers occasionally went through the fine of his secure what in the shape

1.W. During his stay in Lamar county Bule Burrow committed the most brutat and instrusa-ble murder of his career. In July of last year he wrote to Chicago for a false beard, and ordered it sent to W. W. Cain. Jewel Post Office, Lemar county. Alabama. Two weeks later he sent Jim Cash, his brother-in-law, to Jewel for

ter Moss Graves that the package was there, but it was registered, and he could deliver it only to the man to whom it was addressed.

"Do you know W. W. Cain?" the Postmaster asked of Cash.

"Oh, rea. I'll take the package and attend to its proper deliver," Cash replied.

"But you must have an order," Graves said.

Cash returned to Rube and told him what had occurred.

"I'll go myself." Rube said, in a passion, "and I'll get it or put a builet in that fellow, "On the evening after Cash had left the Post Office a curious countryman, who happened to be pring behind the counter of the little country office, looked through the mail, which was in a starch box on a shelf.

"Who's W. W. Cain?" he asked as he examined the package.

"I don't knew," Graves replied, "but Jim Cash, came here to-day and wanted that package.

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"I don't knew," Graves replied, "but Jim Cash came of these sellows met Cash and and guyed him about the beard, Cash denied that it was for him, and he gave Rube and control what had bappened.

"Yes, It's here," replied the Postmaster, "Damm you, I'll teach you how to show my packages, Rube and, as he deven his patch.

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"The brurderor levelled his patch at the first way for him, and he gave Rube and had been to hand him the package. Rube horse and he call the package. Rube horse and she part of the first way history at the cabinot and manded their way history at he more and size of her in an



Burrow killed me, and Jim Cash was knowin' to it," he said before he died.

The murder acoused the entire State of Alabama. The Sheriff of the county telegraphed to the Governor for troops, stating that the Burrow gang had the county in a state of slege. Two companies of troops went down from Birmingham and the Sheriff organized a large posse, with detectives, among them a half dozen of Pinkerton's best men. The troops met at Vernon, the county seat. They surrounded the houses of Jim Cash, Allen Burrow, Rube's father, and John Thomas Burrow, and arrested all the families without resistance. But Rube had gone. The troops and detectives did not search very vigorously for Rube, being afraid to go off in squads, for the country is wild, and they knew that Burrow had friends who would not he-state to fire at them from ambush. All of Rube's family were jalled and arraigned at a preliminary examination in the country tourt House. Not a man had the courage to testify against them. They were released after spending three days in jall, and the soldiers went home.

against them. They were released after spending three days in jail, and the soldiers went home.

Through the arrest Burns and the Pinkerton men gained some information of value, when the troops had carried the Burrow crowd to jail the detectives, having remained behind, caught the liften-year-old son of John Thomas Burrow, carried the boy off to the woods, put a lope around his neck, and threw it over the limb of a tree. They pulled the rope tight, and then told the thoroughly rightened boy that if he didn't teil all he knew about Rube, where he was, what he had done, dc., they would hang him. The boy, who inherited the reckless bravery of the family, at first refused. The detectives nulled him off the ground and choked him until he consented to tell. He said that Rube and Jos Jackson had been at his father's house for a month, and described the heavily barricaded room in which they slept. He also told of having overheard Rube and Joseson discussing the Duck Rube say he was going to kill Postmaster Graves.

V.

Rube turned up on the night of the 25th of September at Buckatunna, Ala., when he and Joe Jackson boarded the Mobile and Ohio train, halted it in the woods five miles out, just as they did in the Duck Hill robbery, and went through the train without the slightest interference, getting \$11,000 from the express company and thirty-four registered letters from the mail car. After leaving they stopped in the woods, rifled the mail packages, and burned the envelopes. Detectives swarmed to this place but found no clue. On the first day of November last, however, the detectives again got track of the pair of robbers, and this time Rube was trapped in the closest quarters he had ever been in. Burns tracked him to the mountains of Blount county, Ala., where and Jackson were living in the mountain home of an old man named Ashworth. There was not a railroad within twenty miles of the place. Burns went to the county seat and notified Sheriff Morris. Summoning two men in whose courage he had the utmost confidence, Morris and the detectives went to the Ashworth farm, riding up to within a hundred yards of the house, and calling out "Hello!" Hardly had be uttered the word before Burrow and Jackson appeared at the doorway, Winchesters in hand. Seeing the guns of the Sheriff's party levelled at them they jumped back. In an instant, however, the robbers reappeared, this time by way of the rear door. Rube held in his arms one of the women of the house, using her as a shield to prevent the officers from firing at him. Jackson walked on the other side. Both outlaws had their guns levelled at the men and warned them not to approach. The officers were so surprised that they did not move, and before they had regained their self-possession the outlaws had reached the woods. Burrow released the woman, took a parting shot at the Sheriff, and disappeared. The officers returned the fire, but without effect.

The Sheriff returned to the county seat and summoned a posse. The next morning a party of fifty armed men gave chase to the outlaws. Rube had made no effort to escape, and he and Jackson were found near the scene of the fight of the previous day. The outlaws were resting among a clump of trees and rocks in the centre of an old fleid at the foot of a spur of Band

Mountain. Sheriff Morris ordered his posse to surround the clump of trees. first a long way off, and then to gradually close in, each man shielding himself as much as possible. Burrow and Jackson kept behind some large rocks, and not until the posse was within two hundred yards of the outlaws was the first gun fired. Rube Burrow opened the fight. He jumped from behind the rock took a quick but deliberate aim, and sent a built into the forehead of a burly and plucky young lariner. Harry Annerton, who was in the front rank of the pursuer. That shot was followed by a voley from the posse, but the builets went wide of the mark. Then Jackson fired and elipped a piece off the right one of one of the posse. The firing became more raid, and don woodward of the posse foll with a bail through his heart. Then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth man fell in rapid succession.

The posses become thoroughly demoralized sherrif Morris was builty fright ned, and he rushed for better to ar to shield himself from the bails of the outline the wave telling so latally on the men. The cutter party then rushed for ever, thuses apportunity had arrived, and he and accepted to the mountain before the posses at the base of the mountain, the bosse in pursuing the party sent a few parting shote and escaped to the mountain. The bosse did not blink of pursuing that. from behind the rock, took a quick but delib-

or more, and then retired, disappearing in the

or more, and then retired, disappearing in the darkness.

In his flight Rube accomplished the most daringly reckless feat of his life. In disguise he actually joined the posse and aided in searching far himself. His identity was not discovered until he had disappeared.

With three of the fluest bloodhounds in the State the chase was renewed on Tuesday morning, but the tracks of the outlaws had grown cold and the dogs could not follow.

The crowd had become weary of doing nothing when a hig fellow, with a full brown beard carrying a Winchester and two pistois, dashed into the group on a fleet-footed black mare that was covered with foam. Reining in, he announced: "I have just seen Rube Burrow and another fellow cross the road down below

announced; "I have just seen Rube Burrow and another fellow cross the road down below Walnut Grove."

The posse of 200 men started for Walnut Grove, three miles off, some on horses, mules, and pooles, a few walking, and a dozen riding in wagons. During the march the big man on the black horse was at the head of the line for awhile and then at the rear or in the centre of the crowd, listenling, but talking very little. The man was Rube Burrow, but not more than two men in the posse—who were his friends and who had joined to help protect him—knew him.

At the place where it was supposed Rube had crossed the road the dogs scented something.

At the place where it was supposed Rube had crossed the road the dozs scented some hing, and started through the woods. The posse followed at a gallop, and for a mile the chase was lively. The trail then turned and ended at a cabin. Rube was not there. The only person there was an old man, who said he hall been walking through the woods. The crowd was angry, and looked for the big man on the black mare, but he had gone. Rube had sent the posse off his track, and had returned to the house of a friend on one of the mountains where he had left Jackson.

That ended the chase in Blount county. The posse disbanded, and the detectives left that section to await another train robbery and start another chase, not, however, without heavily armed assistance, for none could be found to attempt to capture Rube single-handed, by strategy or otherwise.

od, by strategy or otherwise.

A day or two after the battle in Sand Mountain the writer spent a few days in Lamar county at the homes of Rube's father and Jim Cash, his brother-in-law. He bore a letter from Congressman Bankhead of Alabama, who is a native of Lamar county and who knew Allen Burrow. Old man Burrow, who in his younger days, it is said, conducted a moonshine still, has for years lived quietly on his farm in a nest little house that Rube built for him. Although 65 years of age, he is as srraight as an Indian and very tall and muscular. He talked freely about Rube, and expressed himself as proud of his many daring

achievements in train robbing. "I am not afraid of Rube being captured." he said. "He's too sharp for any of the detectives that have been around here, and besides he's a powerful good rifle shot."

The old man did not believe Rube murdered Postmaster Graves. "Rube hasn't done half the things he is accused of," he continued.

Postmaster Graves. "Rube hasn't done half the things he is accused of," he continued. "Every time a store is broken open, or a safe robbed anywhere around this country. Rube is accused of it. Yes. I romember he was here once, when a robbery was committed over in another part of the State, and the papers all said Rube Burrow did it. Rube role trains, but he don't do the other kind of stealing." "Are you not afraid Rube will be killed some time while he is robbing a train?" "Not a bit of it." he replied. "Why Rube says it's as easy to hold up a train as it is to rob a hen's nest."

Rube's boy is now 14 years of age, and he is a chip of the old block. He is thoroughly familiar with his father's record, and a year ago, when asked what he was going to do when grown, he replied. "I'm just waiting to be 16, when I'm goin' to git a rifle, and join pa. I'm goin' to help him hold up trains."

During the visit to old man Burrow's home he and Jim Cash promised, if possible, to ask Rube to talk for publication. A week later hube was seen about twenty miles from his home at the house of a coustn. He was exceedingly nervous, and was continually on his guard. The coustn taked freely, and Rube verified or corrected many of his statements.

Rube is the best rifle shot in the world, I believe. Built said. "I saw him this morning hit a knot on a tree at 100 yards every time, and I have seen him cut a rope tied between two trees as far as he could see it distinctly. Bube has been good to the old man and all the folks. He bought the place they are now living on, and only the other day he gave the old man s3,000. 1es, they are pretty well fixed, but they will be worth more before Rube stops robbing trains than they are now.

In steaking of himself, after verifying the account of his various train robberies. Rube Burrows said:

"I see the detectives accuse me of robbing

up and looked around, as if expecting some danger.

Why," said he, when he resumed his seat.

I didn't care any more for that crowd than I would for a parcel of schoolbers. I went off a little and staved quiet. Just after they turned Jim Cash and the old man and Bud loose when they couldn't brove nothin on 'em. I went home one night, but there was so many detectives around, and, as I didn't want to kill 'em. I went right off. Then I knew them detectives had told John Thomas's boy they was goin to hang him, and he told all about how does and me had stayed in a kittle room of his house, and lots of other things—some of 'em the boy made up. Anythow we left, but didn't go far, and on the night of sept, 25, just rassed, we held up the Modile and Ohio at Buckatana. The whole crowd on the train was so scared we didn't have no trouble, and got \$1,100."

In speaking of his fight in Sand Mountain Rube said:

"Friday we were laying out in the woods not far off, when a crowd of forty or fifty armed men came upon us almost before we



ALLEN BURROW, BUBE'S PATRER.

knew. When I saw them surrounding us we were in a bunch of frees in a serier low place.

"Joe, said I, it looks sorter like we're in t sure nough this time. There's gole to be some killin' here, and I reckon we've got to

some killin' here, and I reckon we've got to do it.

Joe didn't say a word, but I knew by his looks he was gon' to fight hard. We laid low and the crowd commenced to close in. Then I looked around and saw we must get out on the side next the mountain. We waited a while longer and then the fun commenced. We took good alm every time and give 'em the best our Winchesters had. I believe my first shot got that fellow in the head—Annerton, the papers said he name was. Then I got another one on that fellow Woodward. I reckon, and when we graved the other fellow and broke one's arm—well, that crowd was purty badly ratifed, and we got out of our cover in a hurry, for them buckshot had been falling recty thick around us and neither one of us was as comfortable in our feelings as we might have been.

"As we run out." Rube continued. "We kept As we run out." Rube continued. "we kept

"As we run out." Rube continued. "we kept up shootin at every fellow who showed up and then we left, and we was in a pretty big hurry, too, for if them fellows was seared there aim't no use in taking too many chances."

Then Rube told of spending a part of Saturday at the house of a friend four or five miles off.

"On Sunday," he went on. "two hounds got on our track, and they were right pert in following us. When the head one got in about fifty or sixty yards of us Joe and me pulled down on her, and I think we both got her. The other one ran off. Then down at the foot of the hill we saw the crowd. It looked like a whole army, so we took a shot appece and nulled out, and I couldn't help from yelling at them as we did. I believe I invited them to come and see me again, for I knew they couldn't get at us on that mountain. Then we got supper that night at an old man's house nearly in sight of the crowd.

"I had my friends in that grown too." he

"I had my friends in that crowd, too," he said with a smile of satisfaction. "I knew them Birmingham fellows was coming, and I knew they had good guns and wasn't feared to use 'em. Anyhow, I didn't care nothin' about tackling 'em."

VII.

The day following that of the interview Rube boarded a train on the Kansas City. Memphis and Birmingham Railroad at the little station of Gattman, Miss. He was accompanied by Jackson and a red bloodhound. The men took the rear seat of a passenger coach, in order that they might not be surprised. When the conductor came in for fares, he evidently suspected the men, but he said nothing. They rode to Amory, a station twenty miles distant in Mississippi, and went through the woods. Rube was heard of and seen many times during last winter. On one occasion he boarded a Georgia Pacific train in Alabama and rode quite a distance. He was heavily armed, but interfere with him. He had been in Birmingham frequently within the past few years, but he was not recognized. In fact, he would go wherever he chose without fearing arrest. He was noted for taking desperate and reck-

ess chances. In Lamar county, however, he generally remained in hiding, knowing that if discovered by detectives or his enemies they would bring troops down on his relatives and cause trouble for them. Few people in Lamar county care to say anything about Rube or any of his family. The invariable reply is: "Rube's never done anything to me, and I've nothing to say about him." It is, however, evident that the death of the outlaw is a relief

ovident that the death of the outlaw is a relief to the entire county.

For the past six months Rube had been chased by a sever of detectives, some in the employ of the Southern Express Company, and others after the reward of \$7.500. Jackson and Smith, Rube's cousin, were captured recently. Rube was chased into Florida three months ago, but he successfully cluded the detectives

without a fight.

Hube's last train robbery was committed only a few weeks ago, when single-handed the



THE DEATH OF THE BLOODHOUNDS. THE DEATH OF THE BLOODHOUNDS.

desperate outlaw held up an express train on the Louisville and Nashville Hailread at Flomaton, Ala., a station about fifty miles northeast of Mobile. He successfully robbed the express car, but of how much the express company officials have never told. All told, he probably robbed the Southern Express of \$50,000, and the company spent \$20,000 in efforts to capture him.

But for Rube Burrow's utter recklessness he would have been free to-day. He met a man as game as himself in Carter, and the outlaw died with his boots on, but with the satisfaction that he was killed by an ordinary farmer and not by a professional detective.

VIII.

The great outlaw's death, as the readers of THE SUN already know, was a dramatic cul-mination of his violent career. Courage as matchiess as his own punished with death a re-kless piece of bravado to which the robber resorted after he had freed himself from bonds by one of the simple tricks which his fortile brain supplied for every emergency. He was always rackless, but his unfailing success in outwitting every plan for his capture had made him as careless as a man on whose head rested no price. The reward offered for his capture was a fortune in the estimation of the people of the Alabama mountains. Burrow often resorted to disguises, but when wandering about the sparsely settled re-

Bube stops robbing trains than they are now.
In speaking of himself, after verifying the account of his various train robbertes. Bube Burrows said:

"I see the detectives accuse me of robbing safes in country stores and holding up poor farners. Now, that's a lie. I have held up trains and I have killed a few men because it had to, but I never robbed a poor man in my life and I'm never golo' to. I have took things I needed around in the country, but no man can say that he wasn't paid for what I took. There are some intile thieves around this country who steal all they can get, for they know it's going to be had on Hube Burrow. I can't help that, and though I have done a good many bad things in my day, I never robbed a little storekeeper or a farmer,

"How about the killing of Postmaster Graves was killed."

"Rube stopend a minute, and his face seemed to harden. Then he certained to harden. Then he certained has a laise beand sent to W. W. Chain, and they had been and the form he ded fidth and said Jim Cash or none of my family didn't have and if the form he ded fidth and said Jim Cash or none of my family didn't have and if the form he ded fidth and said Jim Cash or none of my family didn't have and the form he ded fidth and said Jim Cash or none of my family didn't have and if the form he ded fidth and said Jim Cash or none of my family didn't have nothing to be succeeded in catching and said contained only one revolver had been captured with him during the first night. Moreover, and then they captured with him during the first night. Moreover, and then they captured with him derived the first night. Moreover, and t gion eight or ten miles from Linden a week ago he was recognized by a cross-roads store-

up and looked around, as if expecting some marked, petulently. "I've some crackers in WHAT WE ARE ALL TALKING ABOUT, marked, potnently. The some crackers in that."

The negro unsumiciously picked up the satchel from the floor on the opposite side of the room, and, without examining it, handed it to the prisoner. Burrow opened it with his manaceled hands, fumbed around among the contents, and produced some crackers. He began to munch them contentedly, and handed some to the two men. They were thrown off their guard, and, laying down their pictois began to eat. A minute later the prisoner's manalled hands again went into the satchet. They were withdrawn as quick as a flash, and be ore either had time to make a movement each guard found himself facing a pistol's point. It wasn't a question of courage

mash, and before sither had time to make a movement each guard found himself facing a pistol's point. It wasn't a question of courage then. It would have been footbardy to have attempted to overpower a man of Burrow's matchiess skill with weapons. The outlaw sterniy ordered the negro to unlock the handcuffs, while McDuffy sat with uplitted hands. The negro obered.

Now put them on that man." was the next order, and McDuffy was manaced by the obedient nearo. Burrow's other bonds were released, and at his order the negro unlocked the jail door, and the outlaw was tree. Had he been contented with gaining his liberty he would to day have been back in his old haunts in the mountains, as deflant as ever, but evidently his bride had been hurt by the manner of his undoing and he determined on a footbards act which cost him his life.

"Where is that man Carter, who has my money?" he demanded of the negro. He was told that Carter had gone to the hotel to alcet.

"Take me to him," was the command.

was told that Carter had gone to the hotel to sleet.

Take me to him," was the command.

The nearroled the way through the town, and they entered the small hotel. Carter was not in the room he was to have occuried, and the nearro remembered he had probably gone to the atore of a merchant friend to sleep. He led the way there, and, still under compalision, he pounded on the door to roue the sleeping man. Carter called out: "What's the matter?"

Tell him McDuffy wants him, at the jall," was Burrow's whispered order, and the nearro obeyed.

Carter recognized the negro's voice, and went to the door. He found himself controlled by the man he had left a prisoner a few hours be-

to ue door. He found himself confronted by the man he had left a prisoner a few hours be-fore, and a pistol was at his breast, "Hand over my money," was the order he received.

fore, and a pistol was at his breast.

"Hand over my money," was the order he received.

Naturally Carter turned back into the room in the darkness, but hatead of the money he seized his revolver. Burrow must have auspected the movement, for when Carter turned and fired he fired at the same instant. Both builets took effect. Carter's went completely through the outlaw's body, passing through the bowels. Carter was shot in the chest. Both men were desperately hurt, but it became a duel to the death. Burrow backed across the street and Carter followed, both emptying their weapons as randily as possible. Burrow turned for an instant to put a builet through the shoulder of the nearc, A moment later the amountion of both men was exhausted, and at the same instant both fell to the ground. Burrow was dead three minutes later. When the villagers who had been aroused by the fissilinde reached the street a lew minutes afterward they found three men bleeding in the dust. One was dead, another apparently was dring, and the third was badly hurt.

The next day the bedy of the dead outlaw was sent to his aged father for burlul, It is believed that Carter will recover. The express company will pay to the four men who captured the outlaw the reward that had been offered.

HOW TO WEAR YOUR DIAMONDS.

The woman with the long neck and long

ments-The Use of Pearls.

purse is in great luck this season, for necklaces are wonderful, elaborate, and exquisite affairs, concealing with their sparkling spiendor any aggressiveness on the part of bony structures, any scantiness of muscular tissue. The Princess of Wales dog collar is here in all its glory. Sometimes it is a fluted ribbon of gold fligres with diamond petalled flowers set in its convolutions. Sometimes it is a crazy network of diamonds and rubies set close together in irregular rows, with ruby flowers blazing from the glittering background at unexpected intervals. It may be a simple collar of diamonds with a fringe of gold ensnaring diamonds in its meshes, or a single row of superb stones from which depends in front a festooning of fine gold chains encrusted with tiny diamonds, in the centre of which flashes a magnificent pendant. One very handsome neckiace consists of a row of gold flowers with diamond hearts, from which falls a network of diamonds so delicate and brilliant as to seem like hoar frost in the sunshine.

Gold necklaces with no jewels have a fringe of gold pendants which encircles the neck, or a fall of swaying flowers in gold or enamel depending from supple wire. The woman with the exceptional neck will doubtless go to the other extreme and wear a slender gold chain. almost invisible, from which falls a tringe of diamonds strung on strong invisible wires, and

diamonds strung on strong invisible wires, and a blazing pendant.

More rare and costly than all the others are the pierced diamonds and jearla strung alternately on a single string. Diamonds arranged in this way must be cut in the rose style and alike on both sides. The great expense is in the drilling, and the stones thus drilled are less marketable than those untrilled. Chrysanthemum and hearts are the favorite design for pins and ear pendants. The diamond chrysanthemums with their convoluted petals set outside and in with sparkling stones, are even more effective than the stars, particularly for the hair, while the enamelled chrysanthemums are beautiful in coloring and design. Double hearts, either entwined or tied together with a bow at the top, appear in all kinds of pins, from the silver up to

design. Double hearts, either entwined or tied together with a bow at the top, appear in all kinds of pins, from the silver up to diamonds and peurls.

Another favorite devire in jewelry is a ribbon tied in a bow with slightly fluted ends enamelled or jewelled. New bangles have a single large pear's strung on a delicate gold wire, or three or four smaller pearls threaded in the same way. Jewelled insects and bows appear on others of the same kind, while plain gold bangles are now massive and more suggestive of their Indian origin than heretofore. The French style still prevails in the setting of all ornaments, employing the use of many smaller stones in the setting of large ones and combining lewels of more than one color in the same plees. Diamend set miniature, equally as delicate and beautiful as the old French models, and set in diamond frames, continue to be worn in pendants and brooches. Lockets are much used, those in thin heart shapes of shell gold, or small blossoms being most admired.

Trotters at P. T. Barnum's Home. BRIDGEPORT, Oct. 10.-There is a great desire here among sporting men to secure a good enclosed track for speed contests, as Bridgeport has a sufficient number of fast horses to make trotting interesting at all seasons of the year. course in Seaside Park, to which spectators are always admitted without charge. None of the circuit races can be held here for want of track enclosure, and it is necessary to take Bridgeport horses to Danbury, Ansonia, Norwalk, or New Haven, when it is desired to match them against trotters with a record. One of the most available locations for a trotting track is at the West End, on the property owned by P. T. Barnum. It is easily reached by railroad, and in a year or two the Cedar

by railroad, and in a year or two the Cedar Creek channel will be dredged out so that oxerraion steamers may land within two minutes' walk of the site.

Col. Heft, a wealthy Standard Oil Comrany man, intends to take up his residence here in the spring. He has a stable of fast trottors.

David Trubee, a veteran merchant, has probably the fastest trotter in the city in Eastern Boy, who can go easily in 2:20.

The Hon, E. G. Burnbam's handsome little mare has the best record on a half mile track of any horse in the city, and is constantly doing letter. She made 2:28% in a third heat this season at Danbury.

James H. Lewis has in his stables at Seaside Park a bay stallion called Nimbus with a record of 2:26% on a half-mile track.

Charles F. Williams, one of the most joyial of Bridgeport's fast horse owners, has removed to Boston. At a sumptuous banquet tendered by his friends he was presented with a diamond set of Knights Templar jewels, a Masonie ring, and a pot of Boston baked beans.

Count De Sainville Heard From OTTAWA, Oct. 4 .- John Sutherland of the

Hudson's Bay Company, who has just returned from the northernmost waters of the Mackengle River, saw the French Count de Sainville, who went into the far North last season with Mr. Ernest, but did not return with that gen-tleman to Manitoba. The French nobleman is still there enjoying himself. After parting with the party a year ago last summer he proceeded down the Mackenzie fliver to its mouth, and stent the bulance of the summer season exploring a part of the coast to the east never yet carefully explored and given in all maps with dotted lines, signifying that its contour is not known. He returned to Fort McPherson in the fall and spent the winter there. He went on numerous hunting excursions in the winter despite the severity of the coid, and on one occasion penetrated westward almost to the Tuken district. This summer he started out to explore a chain of lakes running from Fort McPherson to the ocean and intended navigating the setuary of the Mackenzie and the delta before returning. He was due at Fort McPherson on Aug. 16, when he and the manager of that post were going on a hunting trip. The Count latends to winter there again, and has not yet fixed a date for his return to dividually. still there enjoying himself. After parting

to make a noise, pound upon the plane, ldew upon brass horns, and otherwise disport them. selves, to one of those things that lives in c. a. s. selves, is one of those things that lives in e. e. y season and keeps a prominent place in the coveration of the people of New York, is will be interesting, perhaps, to people who have one through the era of probation in flats to ear that London is just beginning to experience some of the difficulties which being upon our apartment house system. Flat houses are called "mansions" in London, and flats have been very rare. American speculators have, however, of late made the system were popular there, with the result that promises to make London second only to New York in the fervor which it shows for adocting flat houses. This system of the first in the fervor which it shows for adocting flat houses. This system of the first is a thing that no man dares to quarral with, hence the legislature of Great Fir thin feels called upon to consider a "bill for the regularities of flats." Only one of the many cases which have come before the courts has as yet been decided. And so there is only a single precedent for other rouris to base their judgment on. A wild and enthusiastic manature is said a word with the second in court that the violoning flat who decosed in court that the violoning flat, who decosed in court that the violoning that we were the opinion that three hours a day was quite long snough for a human being to reav a violoncelle and season and keeps a prominent place in the coversation of the people of New York. Is will be

yearly programme of the town. The park has aken its place in the affections of New Yorkarea its place in the affections of New York-ers to a remarkable extent. The Digrimage to the big track on the first day of every sea-son is not the result of a desire to see the races as it is due to the anticipation of a general holiday. The free field and the extraordinary a tractions of Morris Park will eventually re-sult in its being a resort something in the nature of Epson Downs A Derby Day in New York is by no means improbable.

Fish and poker are probably the most indefatigable, sinnous, and pretentious enemies that truth has to encounter. The eminence of ish stories in the world of pure and vanishing fletion has long been a imitted. But it begins for how as though the reign of fish will be disputed by the anecdet at record of poker. There are so many well authenticated stories of extraordinary hands and enormous winnings at America's rest gambling game that only a really remarkation story attracts attention. There recons to be as vague a limit to human incensury as there is to the possible combination of poker hands, and the game combination of poker hands, and the game goes metrify on. A story from Chicago of the story attracts which combination of looker hands, and the game goes merrity on. A story from Chicago of three straight hushes in one game at which there were seven purvers, however, is looked upon as one of those thing-that even looker enthusiasts must robest. Many curious things occur in Chicago, but triple straight flushes in one deal is more than even St. Louis would dare to claim.

"The anxiety of children in Central Park to see the new baby," said the Superintendent yesterday, "will result in something next to a resterday." Will result in something next to a riot if the doors are not thrown open before long for a private view of the successor of the lamented M Ginty. McGinty never had a very warm place in the affections of the little record of New York on account of his early death, but their interest in him was lively and extreme from the very moment of his birth until his final denies. The new baby, if it lives will undoubtedly be the sensation of the juvenile world here for many weeks to come. Compared with it, little Lord Fauntieroy will be a rank outsider."

Fred E. Blodgett, an engraver, is the owner of a brass pin which is destined to make a name for him. It is an every-day pin, one of those that may be encountered where least ex-pected, and the closest scruting with the naked pected, and the closest scrutiny with the naked eye will reveal nothing to excite attention. Yet its head is a wonder, for out into it in delicate outlines is every letter of the alphabet. The letters are arranged in lines that run its entire circumference, and are easily distinguishable through a magnifying glass.

The characters are in the form of print called Gothic by printers, and end in the abbreviated &. There is a space between each letter, so that one can be readily picked out from the other. As the letters correspond in size, it will be understood that the work entailed a keep-ness of calculation rarely met with. The time consumed in the task was two hours and thirty minutes.

minutes.

Blodgett's object in going to this trouble was not merely to satisfy a passing whim. He had served with honor in the Second New York Harris Light Cavalry, Custer's command, and not long ago it occurred to him that the idea might be adopted with safety for carrying cipher despatches.

New York and Long Branch Bailroad, published in Wednesday's Sun, has aroused the lished in Wednesday's Sun, has aroused the people of Red Bank. N. J., the only town which did not suffer from the injustice of the new economical time table. It appears that this railroad got its right of way through Red Bank upon an agreement that every train tun on the road should stop at that place. The rich men's "fiyer" is not put on the New York and Long Branch time table, but it runs over the road as far as Long Branch, and passes Red Bank at fifty miles an hour. If there is not present relief the company will hear from Red Bank.

A reasonable temperance movement that is spreading in the Western cities is one which spreading in the Western cities is one which requires men to keep aloof from bar rooms, They may drink what they please at home, in their clubs, and in restaurants with tacir meals, but the edict has gone forth that no gentleman will stand up to a bar and mix with the others who make that a practice. This new social dogma is said to have had its origin in San Francisco, the only city in the land whose best har rooms approach the so-called "arr galleries" of this town. art galleries" of this town,

It would seem to be the duty of every younger on of a rich man in New York to go West as soon as he can manage it and acquire horses Shipping along here and selling them is usually Shipping along here and selling them is usually looked upon as the keenest sort of business enterprise. The number of young men who are interested in this particular form of business is very large. It would be interesting if statistics of their prefits could be published—that is, it would be interesting to the friends of the young speculators. A widespread belief exists, but the profits are by no means as ample as they are sometimes supposed to be. In Delmonico a yesterday a well-browned, handsome, and athletic young New Yorker entertained a number of his friends by telling them how much money he was going to make by selling a string of pulo ponies and browses which he had se ured in Texas. A famous old broker who was once connected with the house of the eider Osherne in Wall street, listened with paternal amisbility for a long while to the artises or atting of the boy, and then said:

"How much of an average profit do you expect to make on the horses. Charlis?"

"Eighty dollar- at least, apiece."

"How many did you bring on ?"

"Seventeen."

The old broker wagged his head slowly for a few minutes, and then remarked. "You were gone eight months, and you said a little while ago your expenses—inly averaged \$50 a month. That will leave you a profit of a little over \$500 for eight months work. You will never get rich at that business." looked upon as the keenest sort of business

Berry Wall has committed himself to the Alpine hat for good. He wears it at all times, but it is by no means certain that the former king It is by no means certain that the former king of the dudes still retains his following among the young men of New York who devote a limitees amount of time and study to their clothes. There are a lew young men who still follow Mr. Wall's leaf with almost slavish fidelity. But even they are beginning to hang their Alpine hats upon the topmost begs and return to the more consentional kinds of headgear. Mr. Wall, however, wears the soft left had in fair and stormy weather, and even sports it when he is clad in evening clothes.

According to the experts the time to see New York's pretty girls is about 11 o'clock in the morning, on Fifth avenue. They rush out for a thousand reas no and they stay out for as a thousand reasons and they stay out for as many more. The fact seems to be that they have come home from the country full of the life and fun of outdoor frolic, and the fresh air is as necessary to them as the small talk, small dogs, and candy. Everything seems to strike them as being comical, and the joy of their looks is reflected in the faces of the dustr and weary peonic who steat the summer in term. They have brought the air of the seasite and the mountains to a dusty, begrinned, and noisy town. They have not succeeded yeth robbing New York of its general cruptive look, but then nothing on earth could do this.

At some of the clubs of learned ladies in this city philosophy and josundity are often blended in ways that are rare in the clubs of the heavier sex. For example, at the sead on of Sorosts in Delmonteo's last Monday, the memsorbets in Delmonteo's last Monday, the members first enjoyed music, which socorfing to blakes pears is the "hood of one." Then they had an hour's debate upon one of the proposed them so of the proposed them so of the proposed that they had sought that charmed the soul. Finally he fore they parted in hope of meeting again they took time to induspe in social guastly during which the apeculative debate and even the young and instrumental music were forgetten, is there not a suggestion of interest to missed line clubs in these proceedings?